THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 14, 1803.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

Trials of Colonel Deſpard and his Accomplices for High Treaſon.

(Continued from Page 188.)

IT was then underſtood, that the 24th of November was the day his majeſty was to meet parliament. There was, however, a new appointment; he aſked me if I would meet him at the Oakley Arms, on Wedneſday, with eight or ten intelligent men, to conſult on the beſt method of attacking the tower, and getting the arms? I told him if he would come forward at the different diviſions, and ſhew the people there was ſuch a man at the head of them they would be ſatisfied. Colonel Deſpard paid for the refreſhment we had, and then we parted about a quarter before two. In the courſe of the ſame day I ſaw Ratten and Wood; Wood ſaid he would poſt himſelf ſentry over the great gun in the park, load it, and fire it at his majeſty's carriage as he paſſed it to go to the houſe. He might in the courſe of duty be on that guard.

I went to the Oakley Arms, on the 16th of November. I arrived there about nine o'clock. I found the officers were in poſſeſſion when I went there; I went into the tap-room; I had a pint of porter; I ſaw Mr. Stafford. Introduced the converſation to him, and told him who I was. I communicated to him that I was acquainted with circumſtances relating to that night's buſineſs. He told me to be at Union-Hall, a quarter before eleven o'clock. I never ſaw Emblin before, and was introduced to Colonel Deſpard. The witneſs produced a card ſimilar to the one he had left with Mr. Bownas.

Croſs-examined by MR. BEST.

I have been a ſoldier eleven years. I was twenty-five years old laſt October. I belonged to this conſpiracy about ſix weeks after I came from Chatham. John Francis ſwore Blades in. I was at the Oakley Arms on the 16th. I took a man with me of the name of Mayhan, who ſaid he had been united in Ireland. I might have invited people who had not attended before, to make them believe they were part of the conſpirators for my own ſafety.

William Bownas (examined by Mr. Common Serjeant.)—I am an army agent in Derby-ſtreet. I believe I had the card produced left me by Windſor. I gave him advice as to his conduct. It was about July laſt.

William Campbell (examined by Mr. Wood.)—I am a ſoldier in the guards, ſtationed in the tower. I know the Coach and Horſes in Whitechapel. Was there with Charles Read, on the 15th of November. We ſat in the box fronting the fire. I remember four perſons coming in, two ſoldiers, and two perſons in coloured clothes. One was better dreſſed than the other, and had an umbrella in his hand. The two ſoldiers were Windſor and Winterbottom. They were diſcourſing together, but I did not hear what they ſaid. They aſked the landlord, if they could have ſome bread and cheeſe? and he ſaid he did not keep any, but they might buy ſome a few doors further. We were aſked if we would have ſome bread and cheeſe? but we told them we had juſt dined. The other man in coloured clothes aſked after ſeveral men in our regiment. The two ſoldiers went up towards the tower, and the other two down Whitechapel.

Charles Read (examined by Mr. Fielding.)—I am a ſoldier in the guards. I remember being at the Coach and Horſes, Whitechapel, on the 15th November. I and Campbell were ſitting by the fire. I know Winterbottom and Windſor; they came in with the priſoner and another.

Joſeph Walker (examined by Mr. Abbot.)—I keep the Coach and Horſes, in High-ſtreet, Whitechapel. Campbell and Read were quartered there. I was in my cellar. When I came up ſtairs I ſaw two gentlemen, decently dreſſed, drinking a pot of porter. They aſked, if they could have bread and cheeſe. I ſaid they could not. Windſor was one of the two. While they were drinking, Read and the other ſoldier came from the tower, where they had been on duty.

Thomas Blaize (examined by Mr. Serjeant Shepherd.)—I am a private ſoldier in the firſt regiment of foot guards. I know John Francis. Remember a converſation with him in the preſence of Windſor. He ſaid, a number of free and independent gentlemen had eſtabliſhed themſelves, to form an independent conſtitution, for the old one was much broken. That the gentlemen who had eſtabliſhed themſelves were determined to riſk

their

their lives and fortunes to form a new and independent conſtitution. They deſired me to take an oath to join them. No oath was produced at that converſation. The Sunday following I had another converſation with John Francis. Windſor was with me at part of it. A card was produced to me by John Francis. I read it. I can't recollect the whole of it. It was to this effect—"We do ſwear to unite ourſelves." We ſwore in the preſence of Almighty God to get thoſe rights we took the oath to obtain. I kiſſed the card. John Francis told me to do ſo. This paſſed upon the parade. We then went to the Hand and Windmill, in Windmill-ſtreet. I was there the latter end of June, on the night the balloon went up from Lord's cricket-ground. I went there with William Francis; John Francis afterwards joined us, with a man of the name of Connelly, and M'Namara: there were ſome more perſons whoſe names I do not know. M'Namara addreſſed the company, and ſaid he came from the executive. He exhorted them to ſtick together, and arm themſelves, ſo as to make head againſt government. He ſaid he had full power to appoint a colonel to command the firſt regiment of national guards; he appointed John Francis, and authorized him to appoint three more, and likewiſe an officer of artillery. M'Namara deſired he would appoint the others without partiality. He appointed me as one, Connelly another, and a little man, whoſe name I do not know, to be captain of artillery, becauſe he was uſed to the great guns. John Francis and the little man went out together. John Francis came back; he had a paper in his hand; there was wrote upon it "firſt regiment of national guards," and an appointment of colonels to command the regiment. There was one of the men ſaid ſomething about commiſſions, but M'Namara ſaid, that iſſuing out commiſſions would be ſigning their death-warrants. He ſaid, the officers ſhould receive their commiſſions the night before the attack. The next time I ſaw John Francis was the 6th of September. I was on the main guard at the tower. The next after that was the 12th, the Sunday; he came to me at the ſtone-kitchen in the tower. On the Monday following I was at the Bleeding-heart, where I ſaw Lloyd, Wood, Tyndal, Pendril, M'Namara, and Winterbottom. There were ſeveral other perſons with them. Ratten ſpoke up. He ſaid he had come from the borough, with Tyndal, to know the determination of the executive, as to when the attack was to take place. They ſaid it would have been ſooner, if it had not been for two or three cowards: but it ſhould loſe nothing on his part; he could bring 1000 men into the field at any time. He ſaid, if he ſaw any man aſſume the leaſt ſymptoms of cowardice he would blow his brains out. John Francis ſaid it would be better to make the attack as ſoon as poſſible, at leaſt before the den of thieves met, a term by which he meant the parliament. He ſaid, if

they diſcovered our plan, they would enact ſuch laws as would prevent the poſſibility of meeting again. Pendril ſaid it could not happen. He had belonged many years to the ſociety: many had been taken up, and not divulged the buſineſs. If any man did divulge it he ſhould have a dagger in his breaſt directly. Wood ſaid if he ſhould not be there at the grand attack, he ſhould be where he would be equally uſeful. He ſaid ammunition would be provided. M'Namara and Pendril both uſed the word executive, but it appeared to me Pendril was one of the executive. One Sunday I met with John Francis, and he aſked me to go with him to Tooley-ſtreet, to the Black Raven. I did ſo. There were Ratten, Tyndal, Wood, M'Namara; and ſix or ſeven Iriſhmen, in a ſtate of intoxication. There were about twelve or thirteen. We had ſimilar converſations. The converſation we had was concerning the form of government. I remember being at the Oakley Arms, on Tueſday the 9th of November. I was going from Eaſt Smithfield, and I met Broughton, who told me there was to be a meeting prior to the attack. He told me the heads of the people would be there to ſettle it. I went into the tap-room, and called for a pint of beer and a pipe of tobacco. I aſked the landlord if he knew a perſon of the name of Broughton? He ſent a boy up for him. Broughton came down, and took my pint of beer, and as we were going up ſtairs, he ſaid, the colonel is there. I went into the room, and a gentlemen preſented me with a ſhillingſworth of rum and water to drink round. It was Colonel Deſpard. The way I became acquainted with him was this: Wood ſaid the people who are come to ſettle the buſineſs ſhould retire to one end of the room, and thoſe who came to ſhew their good-will ſhould go to the other end. They were called repreſentatives from different diviſions. The men who came to ſhew their good-will retired to that end where there was no fire. Colonel Deſpard ſat at the table neareſt the fire. I did not hear what paſſed among thoſe who were at the fire. I converſed with Broughton. He ſaid, there is the colonel; did you ever ſee him before? I ſaid, no. He ſaid, he is a very fine man. I aſked if he was fluent of tongue. He ſaid, yes, he was. Wood ſaid the propereſt place to attack his majeſty would be between the private gate at St. James's Palace and Buckingham Houſe, as the life-guards would have left him. Broughton ſaid, at the ſame time the parliament houſe muſt be attacked, and after that hie away to the tower. I never afterwards ſaw Colonel Deſpard, or any of the others, till they were taken up.

Croſs-examined by MR. GURNEY.

I have been a ſoldier nine years and four months. I have been puniſhed twice. I have been tried three times by courts martial; once for abſenting myſelf or deſerting. I never was charged

charged with any theft, or brought to a bar. I never had any charge made of any theft. I know a perſon of the name of Tibbetts. I worked for him, and ſome leather was loſt. He ſaid I had made away with it. With regard to that leather, I paid Mr. Tibbetts for it. In abſenting myſelf from the regiment, I contrived to get 200 miles off.

Re-examined.—I was forgiven, and have ſerved ſince twice on the continent.

William Francis examined by Mr. Plumer.—I belong to the firſt battalion of foot guards. I have been two years in the army. I know of a practice to ſwear ſoldiers. I have been applied to by the priſoner, Deſpard, at the time. It was on Bartholomew-fair day. I had been applied to by Wood and John Francis, my brother, to be ſworn to their intentions againſt the king and government. Cards were produced. What I underſtood was, that the oath bound us to overthrow the government, and kill the royal family—ſo help me, God! they propoſed to me to kiſs it; but I never did. [The priſoner was ſhewn the cards and bills, and identified them.] Colonel Deſpard aſked me what were my principles as to the cauſe going forth reſpecting taking the tower that day? I told him I did not approve of it. He ſaid nothing was to be done on that day, for he expected money and news from France. The people on Tower-hill diſperſed, becauſe the plan could not be carried into effect. John Francis ſaid they could do nothing that day. It was at the public-houſe Colonel Deſpard firſt propoſed to ſwear me. He read over the oath. I ſaw him afterwards at the Bleeding-Heart. John Francis, my brother, Wood, M'Namara, and many others, were there. The paper was read over, containing the plan for taking the bank, the tower, and horſe-guards. He read over the ſame paper in the corner of the room, and deſired me to kiſs it. He ſaid he hoped my principles were mended. I did not comply. He ſaid it was very odd my principles were not the ſame as my brother's. The Sunday after the guards came from Windſor, I was at the Coach and Horſes. Francis was there, with M'Namara, Wood, Newman, and many others. That meeting was concerning a paper Ratten brought from Windſor, reſpecting their plans of government. They drew their bayonets, and wiſhed to have the plan carried into effect. They went to the Flying Horſe to ſettle the buſineſs. M'Namara ſaid he expected to find Colonel Deſpard. We drew our bayonets as before. M'Namara ſaid he would convey our deſires to the grand committee. It might be a week before I ſaw Colonel Deſpard. We had one ſhillingſworth of gin and water at the Running Horſe, Tottenham-court-road. The priſoner handed a ſmall card, wiſhing I would kiſs it. I ſaid, no; I had been ſworn once to be true to my king and country, and I never would be ſworn again.

Croſs-

Croſs-examined by Mr. Serjeant Beſt.—I have been a ſoldier two years. Never got a flogging, or was tried by a court-martial. I did deſert, if you can call it ſo. I was not twenty-four hours from one battalion till I returned. I came from Chatham with a perſon of the name of Caſſel. A corporal and two privates were ſent after us. Caſſel had ſome watches, one of which he pawned at Chatham. My brother never charged me with robbing him.

Re-examined.—Caſſel was a watch-maker by trade. When I came to town I voluntarily gave myſelf up, and told where the watches had been pawned, and I was forgiven.

Patrick Connell was next ſworn.

Mr. Serjeant Beſt objected to his giving evidence, as in the notice to the priſoner of his being a witneſs on the part of the crown, he had been ſtiled John Connell. It appeared that when he was taken up at the Oakley Arms, he had, by the deſire of Colonel Deſpard, ſaid his name was John.

Attorney-General.—" I had rather we ſhould not have the benefit of this witneſs's evidence, than that there ſhould be any doubt upon the ſubject."

Lord Ellenborough.—" This is very handſome conduct on the part of the attorney-general; but when it appears a falſe Chriſtian name has been aſſumed, at the inſtance of the priſoner himſelf, for the purpoſe of a fraud, he has no right to avail himſelf of the objection."

The witneſs was put aſide.

(To be continued.)

PIPPO *and* MENICUCCIO:

A Tale from the Italian.

PIPPO and Menicuccio were natives of the ſame village, near Salerno; they grew up and lived together, and, from their moſt tender years, contracted a friendſhip of the cloſeſt and moſt intimate kind. It ſeemed impoſſible for one to be without the other; they by turns ſought for each other; their occupations, their pleaſures were the ſame; their minds had but one will. Pippo, at the age of eleven years, found himſelf deprived of his parents; but having been recommended by his father to the father of Menicuccio, he received Pippo as a ward, and brought him up in his houſe as a ſon. The two youths lived together, with an increaſe of affection, till they attained the age of twenty, when an unexpected fortune came to Pippo, and ſeparated them.

He

He had an uncle, who having quitted his father's houſe when young, after ſeveral journeys and adventures, ſettled in Cadiz, in the houſe of a merchant, and by his merit had gained his friendſhip to that degree, that he obtained his only daughter in marriage. The old gentleman died, and his daughter did not ſurvive him long, leaving a ſon, who followed her ſoon to the grave. The uncle of Pippo, by theſe events, became maſter of conſiderable riches, and at his death all the inheritance fell to Pippo, as the only heir to the deceaſed.

When the news came to Salerno, it filled both friends with equal joy; and Pippo being obliged to ſet out for Cadiz, his greateſt grief was that of leaving his dear friend. He earneſtly requeſted, and preſſed Menicuccio not to forget him; but to write to him often, and thereby give him the pleaſure of converſing, in a certain degree, with his friend, though at a diſtance: he promiſed that on his ſide he would not let a poſt depart without writing to Menicuccio; that he would always keep a moſt tender and affectionate remembrance of him; that when he ſhould have ſettled all his affairs, and gathered his inheritance, he would haſten back to Salerno to ſhare his fortunes with him.

For a while he kept his word. The letters he wrote were filled with expreſſions of kindneſs and regard: he was never ſo happy as when he received the anſwers of Menicuccio; on his firſt arrival at Cadiz, he even renounced in his favour the ſmall eſtate which he had at Salerno, and intended to give him ſubſequent greater proofs of his friendſhip and generoſity: but this ardour and active intereſt was not of long duration.

Before he could ſettle all his affairs, gather all the capitals belonging to his uncle, which were diſperſed in different parts of the world, and take poſſeſſion of all the inheritance, he was obliged to ſtop more than three years in Cadiz. After the end of the firſt year his former ardour began to abate: diſtance, occupations, and new objects, gradually diminiſhed the remembrance of his friend. During the ſecond year he wrote but ſeldom, and coldly. The third year he no longer anſwered his friend's letters, and broke off all correſpondence with him. The great riches he ſaw himſelf poſſeſſed of began to give riſe to high thoughts of pomp and magnificence; and the friendſhip of Municuccio ſeemed no longer worthy of his condition. "A childiſh intimacy," ſaid he, "ſubſiſts as long as youth laſts, and the circumſtances which produced it continue: the firſt age paſt; circumſtances are changed, it muſt now ceaſe."

The firſt time Menicuccio found no anſwer arrive, he ſuppoſed the letter had miſcarried, and wrote a ſecond; but ſilence continuing on the ſide of Pippo, he began mildly to complain to him for it in a third. Finding it ſtill continue, he with a friendly liberty, yet in gentle terms, ventured to reproach him

for his decreaſe of friendſhip. Pippo, already too much ſwelled with pride and haughtineſs, was offended at it :—" Does this fellow now dare to come to inſolence and reproaches! Does it become him, indeed, to be ſo bold! Has he, truly, reaſon to complain of my unkindneſs, after my fooliſhly giving up to him much more than he could expect from his father! He may thank fortune that ſuch trifling objects no longer deſerve my attention; otherwiſe, I ſhould well know how to puniſh him for his preſumption." From that time the remembrance of Menicuccio was entirely cancelled from his mind: the future letters, which occaſionally came from him, were burnt, without being read: every recollection, every idea, though ſlight, relative to Menicuccio, and the intimacy they had lived in, was immediately baniſhed whenever it preſented itſelf, as mean and diſgraceful.

When he had finiſhed all his affairs, and collected all his riches, he pompouſly went to Naples. There he found, that a high ſounding title became neceſſary for his vanity: treaſures were laviſhed in the purchaſe of one! and behold Pippo transformed into the prince of Calandrone! Menicuccio ſoon heard of his arrival; and, not ſuſpecting ſuch a change in his mind, but attributing his ſilence to very different motives, being anxious to ſhow him that his affection was unaltered, and his gratitude in the higheſt degree perfect, he haſtened to Naples to embrace him. The prince of Calandrone did not condeſcend to receive him. It happened more than once, that his excellency, while proudly lolling in a magnificent coach, parading through the moſt populous ſtreets, ſaw Menicuccio confuſed among the crowd of pedeſtrians, and knew him, but turned aſide his looks with averſion, as from an object that turned his ſtomach.

Full of himſelf, and the grandeur of his treaſures, he began to laviſh them profuſely. Lightly they came, lightly they went. His palace was adorned with the moſt coſtly tapeſtry and furniture; its gates were thrown open to all paraſites, who did not fail to flock there in crowds. The number of ſervants exceeded that of a prince of the higheſt rank, and, though treated liberally, they took every opportunity of profiting amply by whatever might fall under their diſhoneſt hands. In dreſſes, equipages, and ornaments of the grandeſt ſtyle, the neweſt faſhions were immediately followed: and as whatever was produced by the ſtupid Italians, was deemed by him too mean and trifling; all was procured, at the higheſt prices, from Lyons, Paris, London, Bruſſels, Amſterdam, Hamburg, and even Copenhagen and Peterſburg. His entertainments were continual, and replete with the moſt delicate diſhes, which French cooks only could ſend up. Balls were frequent; and the exquiſite taſte diſplayed in the refreſhments was equalled only by their profuſion. His country ſeats were the rendezvous of numerous gluttons, who went, ſtaid, and came away at their pleaſure.

It is eaſy to imagine how faſt the crowd of flatterers and courtiers muſt have increaſed. The name of the prince of Calandrone re-echoed on all ſides: he alone was endowed with the rareſt talents and moſt ſhining abilities; he alone poſſeſſed the true art of *ſavoir vivre;* he was the unique model for noblemen of taſte to imitate. The vain prince exulted and triumphed at it; in copious draughts he ſwallowed praiſe and flattering applauſe; and, puffed with pride, was intoxicated with his imaginary happineſs.

(To be continued.)

On the NOTES *of* BIRDS.

IT appears from very accurate obſervations, founded on numerous experiments, that the peculiar notes, or ſong, of the different ſpecies of birds are altogether acquired, and are no more innate than language is in man. The attempt in a neſtling bird to ſing, may be exactly compared with the imperfect endeavour of a child to talk. The firſt eſſay ſeems not to poſſeſs the ſlighteſt rudiments of the future ſong; but, as the bird grows older and ſtronger, it is not difficult to perceive what it is aiming at.—While the ſcholar is thus endeavouring to form his ſong, when he is once ſure of a paſſage, he commonly raiſes his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting. What the neſtling is thus not thoroughly maſter of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wiſh to be heard, and could not yet ſatisfy himſelf.

A common ſparrow, taken from the neſt when very young, and placed near a linnet and goldfinch (though in a wild ſtate it would only have chirped), adopted a ſong that was a mixture of theſe two. Three neſtling linnets were educated one under a ſkylark, another under a woodlark, and the third under a titlark, and, inſtead of the ſong peculiar to their own ſpecies, they adhered entirely to that of their reſpective inſtructor. A linnet taken from the neſt when but two or three days old, and brought up in the houſe of Mr. Mathews, an apothecary, at Kenſington, from want of other ſounds to imitate, almoſt articulated the words "pretty boy," as well as ſome other ſhort ſentences. Its owner ſaid, that it had neither the note nor the call of any bird whatever. It died in the year 1772. Theſe, and other well authenticated facts, ſeem to prove deciſively that birds have no innate notes, but that, like mankind, the language of thoſe to whoſe care they are committed at birth will be the language they adopt in after life.

It may, however, ſeem ſomewhat unaccountable from theſe obſervations, why, in a wild ſtate, they adhere ſo ſteadily to the ſong of their own ſpecies only, when ſo many others are to be

heard around them. This ariſes from the attention paid by the neſtling-bird to the inſtructions of its own parent only, generally diſregarding the notes of all the reſt; but perſons who have an accurate ear, and have ſtudied the notes of different birds, can very often diſtinguiſh birds that have a ſong mixed with thoſe of ſome other ſpecies; but theſe are in general ſo trifling, as ſcarcely to be looked upon as any thing more than the mere varieties of provincial dialects.

Deſcription of a Miſtreſs Market for fair Circaſſians.

[From Mrs. Guthrie's Tour through the Crimea.]

AS I am ſure that a miſtreſs market muſt be a curious ſubject to the poliſhed nations of Europe, I ſhall give a ſpecimen of the manner in which it is carried on in the very words of Mr. Keelman, the German merchant; which will finiſh my notes taken in the intereſting Theodocia.

The fair Circaſſians, (ſays Mr. Keelman) of whom three were offered me for ſale in 1768, were brought from their own chamber into mine (as we all lodged in the ſame inn) one after another, by the Armenian merchant who had to diſpoſe of them. The firſt was very well dreſſed, and had her face covered in the oriental ſtyle. She kiſſed my hand by order of her maſter, and then walked backward and forward in the room, to ſhew her fine ſhape, her pretty ſmall foot, and her elegant carriage; ſhe next lifted up her veil, and abſolutely ſurpriſed me by her extreme beauty. Her hair was fine, with fine large blue eyes; her noſe a little aquiline, with pouting red lips; her features were regular, her complexion fair and delicate, and her cheeks, covered with a fine natural vermilion, of which ſhe took care to convince me by rubbing them hard with a cloth. Her neck, I thought a little too long, but to make amends, the fineſt boſom and teeth in the world ſet off the other charms of this beautiful ſlave, for whom the Armenian aſked 4000 Turkiſh piaſtres, but permitted me to feel her pulſe, to convince myſelf that ſhe was in perfect health, after which ſhe was ordered away, when the merchant aſſured me ſhe was a pure virgin of eighteen years of age.

He next offered him two others, older and leſs handſome, at 3000 piaſtres for the two; but theſe I ſhall not follow Mr. Keelman in deſcribing, as I am ſure you would not have been a purchaſer any more than the honeſt German; who however ſeems to have ſet a proper value on the youth and beauty of the firſt; although her neck was a little too long for his taſte.

I was more ſurpriſed, probably, than I ought to have been (as common uſage renders every thing familiar) at the perfect indifference

difference with which the inhabitants of Caffa behold this traffic in beauty which had ſhocked me ſo much, and at their aſſuring me, when I ſeemed affected at the practice, that it was the only method parents had of bettering the ſtate of their handſome daughters, deſtined at all events to the haram; for that the rich Aſiatic gentleman, who pays 4000 piaſtres for a beautiful miſtreſs, treats and prizes her as an earthly houri, in perfect conviction that his ſucceſs with the houries of paradiſe entirely depends on his behaviour to the ſifterhood on earth, who will bear teſtimony againſt him in caſe of ill uſage: in ſhort, that, by being diſpoſed of to rich muſſelmen, they were ſure to live in affluence and eaſe the reſt of their days, and in a ſtate by no means degrading in Mahometan countries, where their prophet has permitted the ſeraglio. But that, on the contrary, if they fall into the hands of their own feudal lords, the barbarous inhabitants of their own native mountains, which it is very difficult for beauty to eſcape, their lot was comparatively wretched, as thoſe rude chieftains have very little of either reſpect or generoſity toward the fair ſex. Such is the opinion of the Crim Tartars on this curious ſubject; who, being Mahometans have harams themſelves, and treat their women as reſpectfully as any nations in Aſia.

Singular Account of Longevity in three Horſes.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

I Requeſt a place, Sir, in your publication for a ſingular account of longevity in three horſes, the property of Edward Brown, Eſq. of Dulwich, a gentleman whom I have known many years. Their names were Jack, Peacock, and Mungo; and their ages, taken together at the completion of each, made a total of one hundred and fifteen years. The two former drew the chariot, the firſt dying at the age of thirty-ſix, the ſecond at that of thirty-four years. Mungo, the ſurvivor, a poney, which was uſed to draw the water-cart, and to do various uſeful drudgery to the laſt, finiſhed his part of the drama in a ſtyle of much eaſe and comfort on the 2d of September, 1794, aged forty-five years. Mr. Brown has a portrait of the laſt, executed in a very good ſtyle by a gentleman artiſt. The three ancient and faithful ſervants he buried in ſeparate fields, each field being called after the name of the horſe there buried, and each grave ornamented with a young plantation. A century hence, the

proprietor of these fields may witness these monuments of Mr Brown's humanity to animals, and learn to do so likewise.

As a contrast to the above, but from which also some information needful toward compassion may be derived: an opulent citizen within Mr. Brown's knowledge, some years since had a horse, an old and faithful servant, verging towards his thirtieth year; satisfied with the long services of this animal, the gentleman humanely desired to provide comfortably for the remainder of his life, but was not fortunate, or sufficiently discriminate in the means he chose. The horse was committed to a farmer, whose land bordered on an extensive common, which was assigned to the animal as his constant quarters. In the warm season, and during the luxuriance of grass, the veteran fared well, and found sufficient leisure to roll at his ease, after the labour of collecting his food: but winter brought a sad reverse, and the poor aged animal, alike incapable of sustaining the rigours of the season, or the continued toil of subsisting himself with scanty morsels of withered herbage, perished miserably in a ditch, from the effects of hunger and cold. The neighbouring inhabitants daily witnessed this spectacle of animal wretchedness, dying by inches during seven weeks.

There is a class of men, Mr. Editor, in every civilized country—(I wish fervently it were more numerous)—who do not deem attempts to redress the wrongs, and mitigate the constant and flagrant cruelties inflicted upon brute animals, either jacobinical, antisocial, or the mere cant of modern philanthrophy To such, these lines are respectfully addressed. There are others (mark well the magic of phrases) who, alarmed at the idea of beasts possessing rights, will yet acknowledge that men have duties to perform towards them, among which they reckon those of justice and compassion. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and obedient,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Somer's-town, February 3.

AMIABLE FEMALE CHARACTER.

A Few weeks ago departed this life, at Dartmouth, in the thirty-third year of her age, after an illness of two days, Mrs. Tremlett, the wife of the Rev. T. Tremlett. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. W. Notcutt, of Ipswich. Her character was an assemblage of the most amiable and excellent virtues, exhibiting the uniform influence of good principle pervading and actuating the heart and life; and the remembrance of her will long be cherished with grateful fondness by those whose happiness it was to experience her friendship. A benevolent attention to the comfort of those around her was the leading feature

feature of her mind; an unaffected kindness breathed in every thing she said, and shed a lustre on all her actions. To do good was the ambition of her heart, and she thought herself amply recompensed by the consciousness of her generous intentions and exertions.

So tender and humane was her disposition, that she not only felt it a duty, but a real pleasure, to seek opportunities of consoling the unhappy, of imparting knowledge to the uninformed, particularly the young, of advising and befriending the indigent and the forlorn. Her understanding was vigorous and clear, and her mind enriched with the most useful and valuable attainments. Her piety was genuine, real, and unaffected. She considered religion as adding dignity to all virtue, and as conferring more lovely and attractive charms on every accomplishment. In the intercourses of society, she was greatly and deservedly beloved. The habitual cheerfulness of her temper, and the engaging mildness of her manners, prepossessed in her favour at the first interview, and never failed to conciliate esteem and attachment on a more intimate acquaintance. In the relations of domestic life, she manifested such estimable qualities, as procured her the peculiarly lively affection, and animated esteem, of her afflicted and disconsolate family. As a daughter and a sister, she was a model well worthy of imitation. In her were united not only the amiable, accomplished, and affectionate wife, but the sincere and steady friend, the prudent counsellor, the tender soother of every sorrow, the cheerful happy sharer of every joy. She was one of the kindest and best of mothers. Her time and talents were devoted, with pleasure and hope, to the delightful duty of instilling into the minds of her infants the sentiments of goodness.

Her day of life was soon spent, but exalted virtue marked its fleeting passage—resigned serenity and Christian hope brightened its closing scene. In attempting to draw the general outlines of a character so rich in every accomplishment, let not the writer be suspected of transgressing the limits of truth. The justness of the representation will be felt and acknowledged by all, who, like him, enjoyed her friendship, and had an opportunity of appreciating her real worth.

ACCOUNT *of the* CAMELION.

M. GOLBERRY, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to this animal, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time: he confined five camelions in seperate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect, or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish

grey

grey colour, a certain ſign of their diſtreſs; but having arrived at a great degree of leanneſs, they remained in the ſame ſtate for the ſpace of a month, without any evident diminution of their ſtrength.

At the end of two months they became ſo weak and and languid as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages—their ſkins became almoſt black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themſelves to more than half their uſual ſize; they at length became nothing more than animated ſkeletons. The firſt that died exiſted 89 days without food; the ſecond, 91 days; the third, 105 days; the fourth, 116 days. The fifth camelion had been 116 days without food when M. Golberry ſet it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered colour and ſtrength, ſhortly after which it eſcaped from his further obſervation.

The camelion lays motionleſs on a bough, or in the graſs, and lets its glutinous tongue (which reſembles an earthworm) hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a ſcent, by which ſmall inſects are attracted, and when covered with them, it is drawn in with aſtoniſhing rapidity.

Referring to their colour M. Golberry ſays—"When I kept my camelions in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I ſaw that they laboured under anguiſh and rage, which they ſenſibly expreſſed by reſpiring the air ſo ſtrongly that its force became audible; ſoon after which theſe animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarniſhed. On continuing to teaze them, they became a yellow green: then a yellow, ſpotted with red: then a yellow brown, ſpotted with red brown: next a brown grey marked with black. At length they became thinner, and aſſumed different ſhades; but theſe were the only colours I could ſucceed in making them adopt."

M. Golberry wrapped them in different coloured ſtuffs, and left them for whole days in that ſtate, but the colour of the animal was never affected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light and darkneſs, health, eaſe, &c. The camelion has a power peculiar to itſelf, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other.

The camelion is ſo organized as not only to inhale a very great quantity of air, but alſo to retain, abſorb, and digeſt this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, ſo that even the feet, tail, and eyes are filled with it.

ANECDOTES *of* ERASMUS.

[From Kok's Woordenboek.]

ERASMUS is ſaid to have been born on the 28th of October, 1467; he commenced his ſtudies at Utrecht, and purſued

ſued them ſtill farther at Deventer. After the death of his father, he was placed under the care of the regular canoniſts of Sion in Delft; following that, he entered the monaſtery of Stein near Gouda, where he exerciſed his genius in literature and painting; his ſucceſs in the firſt profeſſion requires no elucidation, and of the ſecond ſome reſpectable ſpecimens are ſaid to remain.

After his ſtudies were completed, and he began to write, he attained very generally the appellation of a learned and virtuous man; and in ſuch a meaſure, that the kings and princes of Germany, Italy, England, and other countries, ſent him munificent gifts, and other tokens of their high eſteem. There is the leſs reaſon to wonder at this, when it is conſidered how far ignorance and barbariſm had inundated all Europe; and that, in his time, the arts and ſciences once more began to rear their head: and as Eraſmus was completely maſter of the Greek and Latin languages, he quickly became the general favourite of all who loved the arts and ſciences.

Henry the Eighth invited Eraſmus to his court, to conſult him on the affair of Luther; at his departure from that kingdom, his majeſty preſented him with a purſe of 50 gold angels, (25l.) at Graveſend, the officers who ſearched his baggage, took it from him, it being contrary to the law to export the current coin of the realm. Eraſmus, not well pleaſed at this event, returned to the Engliſh court to complain of it to the king, who laughing heartily at his diſtreſs, informed him that his ſervants had barely performed their duty, which had they not done he would have had them hung! He detained him three days longer at his court, preſented him with 50 golden angels more, together with a written order to the officers to return to him the former 50, and permit him to carry the whole with him; and thus provided with a double gift, he returned to Holland.

He gave many proofs of being ſenſible of the errors of the church of Rome, and immorality of the clergy, and that he wiſhed for a reformation. But all his actions prove he was weak and faint-hearted in the cauſe, and durſt not join heartily in the arduous taſk of fulfilling that wiſh; poſſibly fearful of loſing the favour of the great, and diſpleaſing the world. The preſſure of this important charge he let reſt upon the ſhoulders of the indefatigable Luther, holding it more ſecure to ſtand aloof from the heat of contention, and pretend to play the part of a mediator: by this means he kept up his reputation with the catholic princes, but made alſo enemies of the monks, whoſe vicious lives he ſatirized in his writings and converſation. The conſequence of this dubious conduct was, that he frequently drew upon himſelf the hatred of both parties! and received the name of a man utterly deſtitute of religion.

To gain a good word from the papiſts, he now and then writ a few things in their behalf; and not to remain in entire diſrepute with the lutherans, he ſported occaſionally at the expence of the Romiſh clergy. By none was he ſo fiercely hated as by the ſtupid monks, not only for ridiculing their ſuperſtitious ceremonies, but that he was too learned for them.

At certain moments, where circumſtances permitted him to ſpeak freely, he partly juſtified the attack made on the Romiſh ceremonies by Luther, but ever added his wiſh that he had gone more gently to work. To the elector of Saxony he ſaid a reformation was highly neceſſary, but that Luther, though his doctrines were good, yet his practice was too violent, and calculated to produce a great tragedy on the theatre of Europe.

Luther writ a book on the doctrine of free will; to that work Eraſmus writ an anſwer: Luther rejoined in a work, in which he treated Eraſmus as an enemy to the Chriſtian belief, ſporting with revelation, and miſleading mankind by ambiguous expreſſions. Eraſmus defended himſelf in a work, in which he handled Luther with great ſeverity and indignation, for he feared nothing ſo much as loſing the fame his books had gained. Many learned men have been of opinion, that Eraſmus in ſome reſpects aided the cauſe of reformation, and in others, did it injury.

On account of the rich gifts which many among the learned received for writing againſt Luther, it was ſarcaſtically obſerved by Eraſmus, "that the poor Luther made many men rich." It was not till after his death that, from his letters to confidential friends, it was firſt diſcovered that in his heart he was the friend to reformation.

All his works were printed at Baſle by Frobonius, in nine vols. folio, which were reprinted in Leyden, by F. Van Der Aa.

On the SUDDEN EFFORTS *of* GENIUS.

WE are not only ignorant of the dimenſions of the human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be ſcarce leſs ignorant of his own powers, than an oyſter of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond: that he may poſſeſs dormant unſuſpected abilities, till awakened by loud calls, or flung up by ſtriking emergencies, is evident from the ſudden eruption of ſome men out of perfect obſcurity into public admiration, on the ſtrong impulſe of ſome animating occaſion, not more to the world's great ſurpriſe than their own.

Remedy for removing that diſagreeable Complaint, the Cramp in the Legs and Feet.

TAKE a garter, or ſtring of any ſort, and paſs it two or three times juſt above the ancle, draw it tight, and faſten it, and it will remove the complaint in a few minutes.

A REFLECTION.

BY attention the exiſtence of every paſſion is prolonged in an unnatural degree. Wherever the attention is neceſſarily divided between the object of paſſion and other objects, its force ſoon diminiſhes. No perſon who is under the neceſſity of earning a ſubſiſtence is in any danger of dying either of grief or of love.

ORIGIN *of the* BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

THE origin of the Blue Stocking Club is thus related, from the reſpectable authority of Mr. Boſwell, the intimate friend of Dr. Samuel Johnſon:

"The late Dr. Stillingfleet, a man of extenſive literature, and of great facility in the exertion of his powers, was much attached to the company of ladies of the higher claſs, both in talents and in rank.

"This gentleman happened to have one outward peculiarity, that of appearing conſtantly in *blue ſtockings*, and this was of courſe much noticed.

"It came, at length, to be obſerved at whoſe houſes he viſited moſt frequently, and there was a ſort of preſſure of company when he was expected, for the communication of his knowledge, and the exerciſe of his wit, were as acceptable to his hearers as eaſy to himſelf. When his abſence at ſuch a meeting was once lamented, ſomebody happened to ſay, "Ah! we can do nothing without the *blue ſtockings!*" The ſaying was often repeated, and afterwards, when many of his friends choſe to form themſelves into a ſociety, this trifling peculiarity of their common tutor was ſo much remembered, that they could take no other name than that of "The Blue Stocking Club."

QUESTION, *by W. Mudge, of Baring Croſs, Cornwall.*

GIVEN $x^3+x^2y+=10$, and $x^3y=$ a maximum, to find x and y.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to H. Humphreys's Charade, inſerted Jan. 31.

THE SUN-FLOWER ſhines, 'midſt Flora's train abroad,
Magnificent diſplays the glorious work of God.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. Coulman, of Broadhempſtone; J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot; W. Strong, and J. Squance, of Exeter; and J. O Zillwood, of Dorcheſter.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to T. Whicker's Charade, inſerted January 31.

A LIGHT-HOUSE proves the ſeamen's friend,
When darkneſs reigns and tempeſts rend.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Harris, of Kingſteington; S. L. Margary, and J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. C. and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſtone; Eleanor, of Plymouth Dock; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; Ricardus, J. Squance, P. Gove, W. Strong, E. Moon, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; and J. Chubb, of Everſhot.

A CHARADE, *by J. Whittle, of Upway.*

MY firſt is a metal; my ſecond's a meaſure:
My whole you will anſwer, gents. when at your leiſure.

A CHARADE, *by R. E. Reynolds, Jun. of Yeovil.*

YE youths, in Goadby's page of wit,
Two Britiſh rivers join:
You'll ſoon a great emporium hit,
Where ev'ry art doth ſhine.

A REBUS, *by W. Gifford, of South Petherton.*

A Goddeſs for my firſt pray find;
A metal next you'll bring to mind;
A foreign bird you'll then produce;
A foreign fruit for common uſe;
A pronoun then muſt next appear;
A noble hero forms the rear:
The initials join'd they'll ſoon betray
An inſtrument I often play.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

WHEN ſtormy winds and lightnings glare,
And rolling thunders fill the ſphere,
The raging waves riſe mountain high,
The ſeaman's breaſt now heaves a ſigh,
They quit my firſt with ſorrowing hearts;
My ſecond's near, but no relief imparts:
On bended knees, with agonizing grief,
They ſeek their God, imploring his relief:
In pious thoughts my whole employ'd his pen,
And many uſeful leſſons drew for men.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Elegy on the Death of Tray, a favourite Spaniel, writen at the Requeſt of a Lady.

IF the vain ſons of wealth and fame
Could e'er my plaintive numbers claim,
When ſwept by death's chill gale away,
My penſive heart could ne'er deny
One ſilent tear from memory's eye
For poor, old, faithful Tray.

This morn, alas! with joy elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
He gaily join'd the ſportive train;
Still eager to obtain applauſe,
He oft the couching game aroſe.
And look'd quite young again.

But ſoon his borrow'd vigour fled,
With trembling ſtep, and downcaſt head,
The icy hand of death he feels;
And ceaſing thro' the vales to roam,
Dejected, ſad, he totters home,
Cloſe at his maſter's heels.

To ſoothe the anguiſh of his pain,
Each pitying boſom long'd in vain,
In vain each mortal art was tried;
For, gazing mournfully around,
He dropp'd exhauſted on the ground,
Stretch'd his cold limbs and died.

How ſweetly did the moments glide,
When gently fawning by my ſide
He ſeem'd of my attention proud;
Or as he in the window ſtood,
His ſolid phiz, and penſive mood,
Amus'd the paſſing crowd.

No—not a foot could leave the place,
But he their deſtin'd courſe to trace
Would quickly to the window* fly;
As if he ſtray'd thro' fancy's maze,
He'd on the parting figure gaze
With ſcrutinizing eye.

But ah! 'tis paſt—poor Tray is dead,
Thoſe fond amuſements all are fled,
And all his ſportive frolics o'er;
He'd blind to ſorrow's genuine tear;
No more thoſe accents charm his ear
That pleas'd him oft before.

But whilſt remembrance boaſts the pow'rs
To wander o'er departed hours,
A ſigh ſhall oft my grief diſplay;
As pondering on thoſe pleaſures paſt,
A thought of ſad regret I caſt
To poor, old, faithful Tray.

Devon. HILARIUS.

* He was particularly fond of looking out at the window.

The CONSTANT WIDOW.

SO oft to this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
What ſecret impulſe draws thee nigh?
Or why forſake thy cheerful cot,
In theſe lone haunts unheard to ſigh?

This ſpot! O! be it ever bleſt,
And mine the grateful taſk alone,
To wander where his aſhes reſt,
Whom mutual love ordain'd my own.

In youth's gay ſcenes we join'd the throng,
Where artleſs mirth with friendſhip vied;
Or liſten'd to the neatherd's ſong,
Or ſhepherd's pipe at eventide.

Around our humble ſtraw-built ſhed
Contentment's pureſt radiance ſhone;
Till health that roſeate inmate fled,
And pale diſeaſe uſurp'd his throne.

Ere three ſhort weeks had wing'd their flight,
Sad reſpite from ſeverer woes)
I ſaw him ſink to endleſs night,
And time's eventful journey cloſe.

And now, when infant ſports beguile,
And playful tricks their cares enſlave,
I leave my helpleſs babes awhile,
To ſeek their much-lov'd father's grave.

And whilſt reflection prompts the tear,
Religion's fondeſt hopes ariſe,
That we, who once were happy here,
May meet again beyond the ſkies.

TO AMELIA.

WHEN nature form'd thy ſofter mind,
With every beauty, every grace;

She all thoſe mental charms combin'd
In the expreſſion of the face.

Hence we behold theſe lucid tears,
Which gently dropping down the eye:
And hence the dimpl'd ſmile appears,
Sure preſage of ſome pleaſure nigh.

But leaſt thoſe tears, thoſe ſmiles alone,
Should prove too weak the heart to move,
The ſilent bluſh, on cheeks of down,
Kindly aſſiſts the cauſe of love.

W.

Lines addreſſed to the Gentlemen aſſociated for the amelioration of the Condition of the Infant Chimney Sweepers.

HAIL! to the day propitious!—hail!
On which the tears and pray'rs prevail
Of miſery and of care:
And hail, ye patriotic band,
Whoſe councils bleſs a grateful land,
Which holds your labours dear!

Great was our ſenatorial plan,
To liberate degraded man
From ſlav'ry's galling chain;
While pity touch'd each melting heart,
For Afric's woes, for Afric's ſmart,
And ſought to ſoothe its pain.

Nor humbler praiſe to you belongs,
Who Britain's little vaſſals' wrongs
Are anxious to redreſs;
Your Hanway's and your Howard's ſhades,
Applauſive, 'mid th' elyſian ſhades,
The heavenly work ſhall bleſs.

Now ſhall the dying parent breathe
In peace his laſt, and calm bequeath
To your indulgent care,
His friendleſs, helpleſs, orphan race,
Elſe doom'd to poverty's embrace,
With all its horrors drear.

Fair charity a wreath divine
Of amaranthine flowers ſhall twine
Around each honour'd head;
And many a bard ſhall ſtring the lyre,
And ſweep the chords with hand of fire
Your deathleſs fame to ſpread.

But, ſweeter than th' Aonian note,
Methinks angelic numbers float,
Confirming Heaven's decree—
" O! let humanity purſue
" The object virtue holds in view,
" And lo! the Britiſh negro ſhall
" indeed be free."

TO THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE.

[From " A Popular View of the Structure and Economy of the Human Body. By John Feltham."]

MYSTIC ſource of ſtrange expreſſion,
Faireſt link of nature's chain,
Stamp'd with God's divine impreſſion
O'er his mighty works to reign.

Whence, O ſay, thy magic treaſure?
From what wide, unknown abyſs,
Ever yield'ſt thou endleſs pleaſure,
Speechleſs, gentleſt, wildeſt bliſs?

Is it in thy front aſpiring,
Where the virgin lily blows,
While, with living purple firing,
Spreads the gentle, bluſhing roſe?

Or, with penſive luſtre ſtreaming,
Where yon ſparkling glories riſe,
Sweetly ſad, like Cynthia beaming,
In thy love-inſpiring eyes?

Is it in yon bed of roſes,
Breathing thouſand odours round,
Lucy's lip, where love repoſes,
In ethereal fetters bound?

Or in yonder winding dimples,
Magic cells of fairy art,
Where the elfin, culling ſimples,
Brews his ſpell upon the heart?

" Ceaſe, O ceaſe thee, ſightleſs creature,"
Thus I hear thee ſtern reply,
" Tis not in *one* wizard feature
" My enchanting ſources lie;

" Neither yet, where gently flowing,
" Each in each congenial run,
" Softly blending, fading, glowing,
" Sweetly ſtruggling into one.

" But in that myſterious union,
" Secret ſource of ſtrange controul,
" In that ſweet, divine communion
" Of the features and the ſoul.

" Ponder then, O child of pleaſure;
" Haſte to ſeize on virtue's grace,
" Would'ſt thou have the magic treaſure
" Of a love-inſpiring face."

February, 1803.